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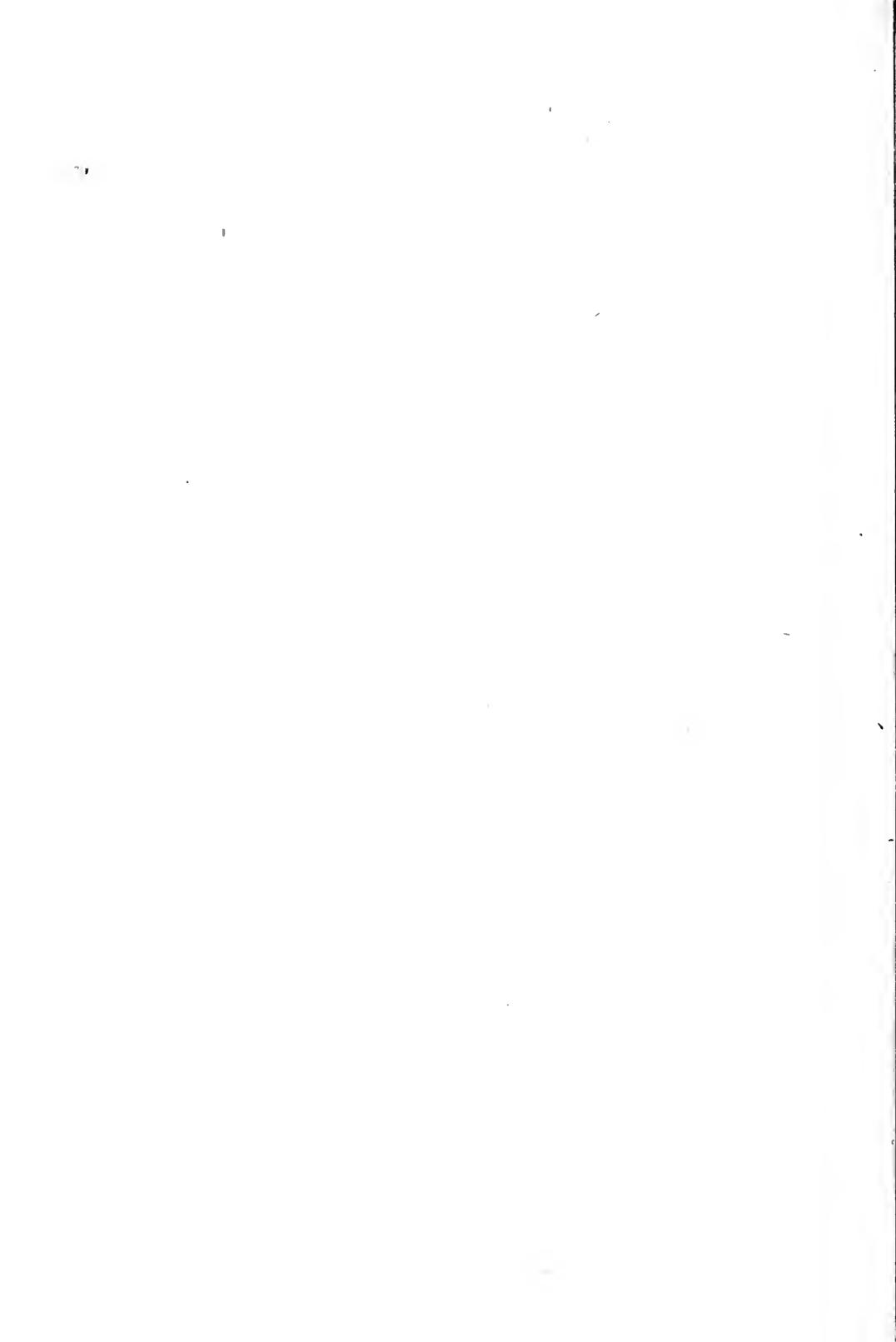
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Lincoln











Abraham Lincoln Association. Springfield, Ill.

Lincoln Centennial Association Addresses

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET HELD AT
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY TWELFTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE, COM
MEMORATING THE ONE HUNDRED AND
THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

Object:—To properly observe the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; to preserve to posterity the memory of his words and works, and to stimulate the patriotism of the youth of the land by appropriate annual exercises.

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INTRODUCTION BY JUDGE HUMPHREY

We look at the stars from two motives: because they are luminous and because they are mysterious, but seen through a perspective of fifty years, Lincoln appears to us as a brighter radiance and a deeper mystery—the mystery of individual genius. As the years pass by, the choicest spirits of the world are coming more and more to feel an absorbing affection for and to live as in the hallowed presence of this man who for a full generation went in and out among the people of Springfield.

Lincoln believed in liberty. It was his oft expressed wish that all men everywhere might be free and he believed that the sovereignty of self over self is the highest liberty.

He believed in equality—that as liberty is the summit of society, so equality is its base—equality before the law.

He believed in fraternity and his definition of fraternity was that portion of each one's self which he gives up for others.

He was an idealist, but he did not allow it to make him worthless or impractical. He believed and

practiced the doctrine that politics is the science of second bests.

As a statesman, he secured the best attention from the wisest in his audience. In the great debates, Mr. Douglas more than any other man of his party appreciated the power of his unanswerable statements.

As a politician, his weighty thoughts evoked small applause from the ignorant and he did not regard it as the first duty of a public man to organize a literary bureau for self laudation.

He believed in what he was pleased to call the plain people; was often heard to say he thought the Lord must have a special regard for them, because He made so many of them. His chief work was in their behalf and he was fully sustained by them but he exacted no homage from the masses, and he believed it was as illogical to despise a man because he is rich as because he is poor.

He was honest, but he did not pretend to be singular in that regard.

For years he had gone up and down the prairies of Illinois reasoning of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, but the East had not heard it.

He went to New York, where he was little known, and a few rare souls saved from the allurements of the market place sat at his feet and were taught by him as the Doctors were taught in the temple.

He went farther East where he was still less known, where even his raiment was the subject of remark and the expiring voice of puritanism thundering from the lips of Phillips railed at him and all New England echoed and re-echoed with the sound.

The people of the East did scant justice to Mr. Lincoln in his lifetime. Perhaps it was the most natural thing in the world that it should be so. No man sees the mountain near.

It was through no lack of zeal for the cause. It was lack of information. The East believed that the chief reliance of the country was in the great secretaries. Gradually as the secrets of his administration are revealed the knowledge has become general that Mr. Lincoln's was all the time the guiding hand. All the people have come to know, what some in this presence then knew, that just as he had handled the Clary's Grove boys, as he had handled Peter Cartwright, as he had handled the juries in this circuit, as he had handled the Trumbull contingent, as he had handled Mr. Douglas, so

he was handling Seward and Stanton and Chase and McClelland, and that in some of the most important emergencies of the war Mr. Lincoln was directing the Government in spite of the secretaries.

God bless the people of our Eastern states. Largely through their efforts in the beginning came the marvelous provisions of the Constitution; largely from their example came the moral and intellectual culture, which mark us as a nation and which have caused the best there is in us to ripen into the best we can do.

Tonight they have sent us one of their most distinguished sons to voice their tribute of love and devotion for the character of Abraham Lincoln.

I have pleasure in presenting the scholar, the author, the statesman, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator for Massachusetts.

SENATOR LODGE'S ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: No American, I think, coming as I have come today, for the first time to Springfield, going as I have gone for the first time to the spot where rest the ashes of the mighty dead, and thence to the famous house, so simple in itself, so imposing in its memories, can stand here tonight and address this audience, unmoved by the memories and the emotions which have filled the day.

I felt more deeply than ever, as I stood in that house, what I have so often felt before—how marvelous has been the growth of Lincoln's fame.

Your chairman has just said that the East did him scant justice. I think that prior to his nomination this was undoubtedly true, but it is also true that we are apt now to throw back our own feelings, to see him across the gulf of fifty years, as he is today in history, and to imagine that men looked at him then as we look at him now.

The abuse, the misrepresentation, the ridicule, the misunderstanding, which was heaped upon him in the "crowded hour of glorious life," have all faded

away, but they all existed then. In his lifetime, even during the awful stress and strain of the war, there were very few who realized how great he was. They were too near to judge him rightly.

I have just been reading the diary of his secretary of the navy, Gideon Wells, who was in contact with him every day. The President and Admiral Farragut are the only men of whom Mr. Wells consistently speaks well; and yet Mr. Wells never applies the adjective “great” to Lincoln until he stands by his bedside, as he lies dying in that little house in Washington. Then it seems to have come over him that he had been for four years in service with a great man. From that day to this, that greatness suddenly made visible in the presence of death has been impressing itself upon the minds of men. Lincoln has passed through all the stages through which a great historical character is sure to pass. His life has been written in every form, from the monumental work of Nicolai and Hay, down to the smallest volumes of reminiscences. The men who went on to Washington, from time to time, and told him how things ought to be done, and from whom, if we may trust them, he gathered all his best ideas,—they have had their say. The people who write about the “real” and the “true” Washington

or Lincoln have had theirs. From all this he has emerged, greater and greater with each passing year, until the whole world knows that “whatever record leaps to light, he never can be shamed,”—until the whole world understands how very great he was.

It is a fame so great that it is not easy to estimate or to measure it. He is there now, with the very, very few in the world’s history, far up on those lonely heights, to which only the very greatest among the sons of men ever attain.

If I may refer to a little anecdote which was told me today by your distinguished fellow townsman who sits on my right, it will illustrate perhaps what I mean.

Mr. Bunn said that one day Mr. Chase came here after the election to see Mr. Lincoln. He said to Mr. Lincoln, after Mr. Chase had gone, that he did not like Mr. Chase, and he hoped he would not put him in his cabinet. Mr. Lincoln said “Why?” “Because,” he replied, “Mr. Chase thinks he is a greater man than you are.” Lincoln said to him, “If you could find two or three men greater than I am, I wish you would bring them to me; I should like to put them all in my cabinet.” That little remark was the remark of a really great man. It

had the touch of humor, that humor so near to tears, which is so characteristic of Lincoln, but in it were all the elements of greatness.

I cannot hope, and I doubt if anybody can hope, at this time, whatever they may say about Abraham Lincoln, to say anything new. A few years ago I was asked by the legislature of my state, on the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, to deliver an address upon him. I then said that lip service was very easy, but that I thought the best tribute which we could pay to Lincoln, as to Washington, was to try to learn something from him, and from his life, which would guide us in the problems which we, in our turn, are called upon to face. We cannot, any of us, be Lincolns or Washingtons, but we can, at least, learn the lesson of their lives; and I should like tonight, if you will permit me, to take a text from one of the greatest speeches ever made by man, the Gettysburg speech which is inscribed upon his tomb. You all remember the famous closing lines, "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

To the salvation of that government he gave his life! And what was the government which he was trying to save, and which he described as govern-

ment of the people, for the people, and by the people? It was the government of the United States, under the Constitution of the United States, and no other!

Therefore, in the opinion of Abraham Lincoln,— and although half a century has passed over, nearly, since he died, I think we may take him as a pretty good judge of what constituted popular government; our government under the Constitution was a government of the people.

We are told now, by some of our more advanced political thinkers, that what we ought to do is to restore popular government in the United States. There is an unconscious humor in that statement which has always pleased me, because we cannot restore something which has never existed, and if we are to restore popular government, it having existed under the Constitution, according to Lincoln, we are to restore government under the Constitution.

Now, the Constitution has not been changed. Therefore, whatever change may have come must be either in the people themselves or in the laws which have been made. But the remedy which is proposed is not to change the laws, assuming popular government to have been lost, but to change the Constitution itself under which popular government has

existed. It is in this direction that I should like to say a few words here this evening.

They propose to alter the Constitution of the United States in three ways, or rather, in two ways, by the compulsory initiative and referendum, and by the recall of judges. Let me take them up in turn.

The word “compulsory” is very important. We have, and have always had, in this country, the initiative in the form of petitions and referendums of different kinds, always of constitutional amendments, sometimes of laws.

In my own state, the legislature is obliged by its rules to pass upon every petition presented, to take action upon every petition, even if it is the petition of only one man. That is the initiative which has been known to Massachusetts; but the new proposition is to make the initiative compulsory; that is, if a certain number of voters, a minority, sometimes a very small minority of voters, request a certain law, the legislature is bound to pass that law, and then is bound to refer it to the people. We now have the voluntary referendum, not only for constitutional amendments, but in the states for laws, especially laws referring to localities, franchises and matters of that kind. Under the new scheme this reference is to be made compulsory.

My own belief is that the adoption of the compulsory initiative and referendum means the destruction of representative government. I wish here to say a word on a point which it seems to me is often overlooked. We are deafened by the cry of "progress" and people are apt to be led away by words, instead of looking at things. "Progress," the mere word "progress," does not necessarily indicate anything good. We speak of the "progress" of a disease, which may be very undesirable indeed. Mere movement is not necessarily desirable. What is desirable is to move in the right direction, to go from bad to good, from good to better, from better to best. But how does this progressive movement, in regard to changing our representative system, proceed? In what direction is that progress to be made?

If I may go back for a moment,—the great objection to legislation by direct vote is not that it is new, but that it is very, very old! It has been tried and has failed. It was well known to the Greeks. It was the manner in which laws were passed in Rome. Anyone who is at all familiar with history knows that the one great advance in the science of government which has been made, the greatest advance, at least, was the development of representative govern-

ment; and that we owe to the English speaking people. We owe it to England, to the "mother of parliaments." The system of representation has succeeded where the old system of legislation by direct vote failed. It failed in Greece. It failed in Rome and turned into an empire.

Representative government has proved itself competent not only to advance freedom, but has also shown itself able to govern great empires and large masses of population.

From legislation by direct vote to legislation through representation was an advance. Therefore, dismiss from your minds the idea that when we go to direct legislation, by direct vote, we are going forward in the way of evolution. It may be better to go back to the earlier and simpler form, but it is not going forward. It may be better that we should all return to the amœba, which is the lowest form of life, consisting simply of a stomach, but do not let us do it under the theory that an amœba is a higher development. Let us not take up the idea of legislation by direct vote on the theory that it is a higher stage of evolution, than that of government by representation.

Now, one other step. How does the plan of legislation by direct vote work? What is its practical

working? It is, if you will analyze it, to give to a minority the control of legislation. Examine any of the Constitutions where the initiative exists. You will find that in every case it is a minority of the voters who can cause a law to be formulated and submitted.

We have had enough referendums to know that a large proportion, generally a majority of the voters, do not vote upon that which is referred; and the interested minority succeed in carrying their law.

The representative at least represents the whole people. The law which is the product of the initiative represents only a portion of the voters. It seems to me that this is a government by factions and fractions, and not by the whole people.

I have brought here tonight, to give you an idea of the methods and practical result of legislation in this manner, an official ballot (8 feet long, fine print). That is the official ballot of a county in South Dakota, an exact reproduction of its size, and of the small type. The average voter is expected to go into the ballot box and legislate, by voting "yes" or "no" categorically, on what is on this paper. He has no power of amendment. He can do nothing but vote "yes" or "no." He is put in the position, as you know, of the old test question, where the man

is obliged to answer "yes" or "no," when you ask him, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" He must answer "yes" or "no." I submit that it is difficult to give an intelligent answer in that way. And yet that is the way in which we are told that we can get good laws. It is invariably the creation of a system of legislation which it is impossible for any people, no matter how intelligent, to carry out well. Those are a few of the practical objections.

This new plan destroys representative government. It turns members of Congress or of the legislature into mere machines of record. No one would care to hold such a place except those who would be willing to take it for the salary which might be attached. Run your thoughts back over the history of modern times, and you will find what is rare in history,—one uniform result in regard to representative government. The advance of political freedom has been coincident with the spread of representative government. It may be a mere coincidence, but they have advanced together. They are spreading now even into the confines of Asia. We hear of them in Persia and in China; and it is but yesterday, as it seems, that they were adopted by Japan.

Look at the other side of the picture, and you will find that the first aim of the autocrat, of the strong man, of the savior of society, of the Man on Horseback, is to weaken or to destroy representative government. Where representative government has perished, freedom has not long survived, and such is certain to be the case if the teachings of history are of any value.

Turn now to the far more important matter of the recall of the judges.

Let me begin by reading to you a passage in the Declaration of Independence, a document of which the first sentences are very familiar to everybody, but some of the succeeding sentences, in which our ancestors took pains to point out the shortcomings of George the 3rd are less well known. Here is one of the charges they brought against the King: "He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries!" That was one of the grounds upon which our ancestors went to war with England.

In principle it makes no difference whether the judge is dependent for the tenure of his office on the will or the whim of one man or on the will or the passions of ten thousand. The men who framed the Constitution of the United States were much nearer

to the question of the independence of judges than we are. The fathers of some of them, the grandfathers of all of them, could remember the time when the judges of England held their offices at the will of the King. They could recall the days of Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize. To have an independent judge and an independent judiciary was very near their hearts. They considered it as vital to good government as anything that could possibly be suggested by the wit of man.

I trust you will pardon me for quoting the framers of the Constitution with so much reverence. I know that they are looked upon very generally now as worthy old patriots who did very well in their time, but whose opinions today are not to be seriously regarded; and yet,—I say it with all deference to the thinkers of the present day,—they were rather a remarkable body of men. Washington was president of the convention. Hamilton and Madison, Charles Pinckney, Edmund Randolph, Mason and Wythe of Virginia, Wilson of Pennsylvania, Ellsworth and Roger Sherman, great lawyers all, were among the members. They were men of great distinction, men of affairs, men of the world.

They were very familiar with the problems with which they had to deal, and it is well to remember

that the problems with which they dealt, in framing the government, are not materially changed now, for the great element which they had to consider was human nature, and human nature is one of the most unalterable things of which we have any knowledge.

They believed profoundly in the independence of the judiciary and the Supreme Court of the United States was one of the great advances in government which those men brought forth. It has commanded the admiration of the world; and yet it is today proposed seriously and advocated in public addresses that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States should be subjected to the recall, that they should be made subservient to the will of the very people who may come before them.

One of the results of the great English revolution, by which the Stuarts were driven from the throne, was embodied in the Act of Settlement, which was passed at the conclusion of the reign of William the Third. In that they embodied the proposition that the judges should hold during good behavior *quamdiu se bene gessevint*. That principle we put into the Constitution of the United States, and we have hitherto maintained it.

I have heard it seriously argued in the Senate that the judge should be responsive to the will of his

constituents. A judge has no constituents. He is not upon the bench to represent anybody. He is there to do justice between man and man. He is to recognize nothing but the law, and it is his business to say what the law is. They say the recall would make the courts better for the man of the people; that it would help the poor against the rich; the individual against the corporation. Even if that was the case, it is not a ground upon which to ask for any such change, for the judge is not to know poor or rich, corporation or individual. He is to know only his duty, to do justice as he understands it.

Judges are human. They err at times. There have been occasions when even the great Supreme Court, going beyond its strict province, has rendered decisions which the current of events has necessarily changed. I know, too, that in our criminal procedure in many parts of the country, the methods followed are a discredit to our civilization; but there is nothing there which cannot be cured by statute. If the law is too burdened with technicalities, if the delays are sometimes a denial of justice, the fault lies with the people and their representatives. Procedure can be regulated by law; but the moment you take the judge, and make him responsible to an outside power,—I care not what it is,—whether it is

the King or the multitude,—you take from the weak, the defenseless, the helpless, the unpopular, the one sure protection they have. Make every allowance you please, and every deduction you please, for the errors which have been committed, and still, when the account is made up, the courts of the United States and of the several states, have been a protection to the weak and the poor and the helpless, and above all, to the unpopular, who there and there alone could find the justice which the passion of the moment might deny to them.

I think that to strike at the courts in this way is to incur the greatest danger that can be presented to free government. If you have judges on the bench with the sword of the recall hanging over them, to my mind only two classes of men, in the end, will take those places; either the strong and unscrupulous man, who desires in his short tenure of office to make a fortune, or the weak man who is waiting and watching to see what the voters think, and not what the law is. If you take this risk, by establishing the recall of the judiciary, you will soon reach a situation like that which existed under the Neapolitan Bourbons, when the Camorra controlled the courts, by the dread of assassination. Let a criminal belong to some powerful organization, large

in numbers and united in purpose, and with a judge subject to the recall, such a criminal need never fear that he will be whipped of justice.

It seems to me that these questions go to the very root of free government in the United States. The makers of the Constitution knew all that we know about government, and they made their Constitution on the right principles. Some states have fallen into the way of legislating in Constitutions, saying what salaries state officers shall have, where the capitol shall be placed, and things of that sort. Those are laws. They have no place in Constitutions. The Constitution is to be the embodiment of certain great principles of government, to which all laws shall be brought, as the gold is brought to the test of the touch stone. It is not the business of a Constitution to legislate. It is simply to lay down certain principles; and the makers of the Constitution of the United States knew all the principles of government as well as we do. They knew all about legislation by direct vote. They were not unfamiliar with classical history. They sought in the Amphictyonic council, and the Achaian league for precedents for the government they were engaged in making. But above all, they were dealing with human nature. They knew they were making a

popular government. They intended to make a representative democracy; but they believed that the government should be made so that it could be regulated by the people, not tossed and shifted by fleeting majorities. They believed that it should move with a reasonable deliberation, so that it should not be a government of passion, but a government of reason, where there was room for the second thought. It has been a great success. It has disappointed those who predicted its failure. It has gone far beyond the anticipations of its friends. If a work of that kind is to be tried by its results, certainly no work of man's hands in the way of government has ever been more justified by its results than the Constitution of the United States. Under it has grown up this great republic. Under it we have spread from generation to generation, and our population, from a little handful, scattered along the Atlantic coast, has arisen to be ninety millions. It has gone through the great ordeal of a civil war. Washington said, after the Constitution had been adopted by the convention, "We have set up a standard to which the good and wise may repair; the event is in the hands of God." Lincoln stood upon the field of Gettysburg and declared that the highest duty for him and for all

the people was to save the government under the Constitution, because it was a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

But if I gather the intention of those who discuss and assail the Constitution now, we are not to judge by results. We are to judge only by promises as to the future. We are to go on the principle that everything that is, is wrong, and should be changed.

One more thought, and I have done. The Constitution of the United States was made for the people of the United States, which is larger, if you will pause to think, than the voters of the United States. The new gospel seems to be that a minority of the voters should govern. When I analyze it, I find that is what they mean by the "people." But the voters are only a fourth or a fifth of the people. The people are all; those under age, women, resident aliens who cannot vote. That is the whole people, and for them the Constitution was made. The element we term the voters is simply that portion of the people to whom, necessarily, has been entrusted the work of representing the people, and expressing their wishes.

The Constitution was made for all the people, and it has guarded the rights of all the people; and when I hear the statements which I hear made in the Senate and in the House, as well as on the platform,

and listen to men declaring that if we return to the old system of legislation by direct vote, we are going to get so much better results than we have got, I am moved to remind them that you cannot turn aside economic laws, or the laws of Nature, by any legislation in the world.

Flattery of the sovereign is as old as sovereign authority. There were courtiers in the days of the Pharaohs and the Caesars, as there are today, and if I may use an illustration which I used in speaking on this subject at Raleigh, I think I can give my meaning better in that way than any other.

There is a familiar story, which we all heard as children, of the courtiers of Knut, King of England, a mighty warrior and wise man, not destitute evidently of humor. These courtiers told the King that the tide would not dare to come in against his command and wet his feet. So he bade them place his chair near the edge of the sea and the main came silent, flooding in about him, and you all remember the lesson which the King read to his flatterers. Many kings have come and gone since then, and those who still remain, now for the most part walk in fetters. But the courtier is eternal and unchanged. He fawned on Pharaoh and Cæsar and from their day to our own has always been the worst

enemy of those he flattered. He and his fellows contended bitterly in France for the privilege of holding the King's shirt, and when the storm broke which they had done so much to conjure up, with few exceptions they turned like cravens and fled. New courtiers took the vacant places. They called themselves friends of the people, but their character was unaltered. They flattered the mob of the Paris streets, shrieking in the galleries of the convention, with a baseness and a falsehood surpassing even those of their predecessors who had cringed around the throne. Where there is a sovereign there will be courtiers, and too often the sovereign has listened to the courtiers and turned his back on the loyal friends who were ready to die for him but would not lie to him. Too often has the sovereign forgotten that, in the words of one of the most penetrating and most brilliant of modern English essayists, "a gloomy truth is a better companion through life than a cheerful falsehood." Across the centuries come those dangerous and insidious voices and they sound as loudly now and are as false now as ever. They are always at hand to tell the sovereign that at his feet the tide will cease to ebb and flow, that the laws of nature and economic laws alike will at his bidding turn gently and do his will. And the tides move on

and the waves rise and the sovereign who has listened to the false and selfish voices is submerged in the waste of waters, while the courtiers have rushed back to safety and from the heights above are already shouting, "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

I believe that the Constitution of the United States framed in wisdom, profoundly wise in its great principles, should be sustained and preserved.

I believe the attacks now made upon it, which aim at the overthrow of representative government, and the destruction of the independent judiciary, strike at the very roots of the ordered freedom which has made great the people of the United States. The appeal that I would make here, as I would make it everywhere, is that you would move very slowly in making such changes; that you would use your best efforts to preserve the principles of the fathers. I would have you always remember that there is great good in the Constitution which Washington founded and which Lincoln saved.

JUDGE HUMPHREY INTRODUCING MR. WILLIS.

In the Alton debate Mr. Lincoln referred to a struggle which he called an "eternal struggle," the struggle between right and wrong, and which he said would continue to be a struggle and an issue when the poor tongues of Judge Douglas and himself should be silent.

In conducting our representative form of government the people try to select from the brightest and best, representatives to meet that issue, as it annually arises in the halls of the Congress.

The people of a great district in Ohio selected such a man, and they bade him go and fight that battle, and to return to them only with his shield or on it. His initial appearance in that arena gives promise of much good to his country.

I present to you the Honorable Frank B. Willis, member of the national House of Representatives, from Ohio.

MR. WILLIS' ADDRESS

Lincoln was the grandest figure in a thousand years of history. No one has said this better than that American Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, the great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton of Ohio, as he stood at the death-bed of his great chief. On Tenth street in the City of Washington stands a stone colored brick building of ancient design. It is now devoted to the work of the Adjutant General's office, but in 1865 it was a great theatre. Just across the street stands a humble brick house, and as you ascend the little winding stair and go in at the front door of this house, you find yourself in a little room 10x20, the ceiling so low that one can reach up with his hand and touch it. And as you stand in this room, with bated breath and tear dimmed eye, you cannot help but picture again the scene that was enacted there more than a generation ago. On the cot there in the corner lay the long, gaunt form of the Chief Executive. About the bed-side were grouped the great men of the nation,—Sumner was there, Stanton was there, so were the high officers of the army, and also there at the bed-

side were the members of his stricken family. The surgeon sits holding the hand of the unconscious President and as the great heart ceases to beat and he announces that the spirit has at last fled to the God who gave it, Edwin M. Stanton, who perhaps had caused the President as much personal discomfort, had probably wounded his feelings as often as any other man, when the last page was read and the book was closed, realized that the nation had been entertaining an angel unawares, and as he stood there with bowed head and tear-dimmed eye, he gave utterance to a brief sentence. This is what he said: "Now he belongs to the ages."

As generations of men come and go, they will realize more and more the truth that was uttered in this sentence. Lincoln stood as a mighty oak of the forest and when he went down he left a lonesome place against the sky, not soon to be filled again. Everyone recognizes the surpassing greatness of Abraham Lincoln. Yet it may not be amiss in this, his own home, on this, the glad anniversary of his natal day, to investigate something of the life of this mysterious and marvelous man and determine, if we can, the sources of his greatness. But little need be said of the early life in Kentucky, the life of privation and hardship. There was little promise

for the future for this country lad born in a log cabin amidst the vastness of the forest, and then when, a few years later, the family moved to Indiana and established itself in a half faced camp, there in the midst of the darksome forest, the patient, tender mother died and left to her sorrowing son only the fragrant memory of her love and care and devotion, and as the little boy stood by the side of the open grave, dug by the father's hands, and saw the coffin that the father had made out of lumber which he had roughly whip-sawed from the forest,—as he saw that coffin lowered in the grave and heard the rough clods roll in upon it, it seemed to him that the future was dark and forbidding indeed. And may we not believe that this sad experience made a lasting impression upon the character of the boy. Upon his face as a man were deeply graven the lines of sorrow. Men who knew him best have said to me that in repose, it was the saddest face they had ever looked upon. Be this as it may, this unfortunate and sorrowed experience no doubt made a lasting impression upon the life of the man. Of his experience as a frontiersman in Illinois, I need not speak. Here in the city where he lived so many years are men that know personally of the things of which I have read only in books. But suffice it to

say that this life in Illinois, this experience as rail splitter, as clerk in a country store, as surveyor,— all this experience served to develop in the character of this man those sturdy virtues of simplicity, religious devotion and respect for hard work. No man could succeed upon the frontier unless the spirit of self reliance and individual initiative were highly developed in him. No man could succeed in the forests or on the prairies of Illinois in those days, or in these days, either, for that matter, without an appreciation of the merit of hard work.

So in this great university that developed the most splendid qualities of sterling manhood, those qualities of religious devotion almost bordering on superstition, and respect for hard work, here I say in this great university, this boy was educated and grew into manhood. As it has been said of him, he was educated in the university of nature, by field and tree and babbling brook, by the ever changing poetic lesson of the seasons, by budding flower and falling leaf, and here as clerk in the country store, he had perhaps the first opportunity to study human nature, that surpassing puzzle of all the ages. In this respect his life was not unlike that of Patrick Henry. At the country store assembled the logicians, the politicians, the debaters, of the whole country

side. And here, as was his illustrious predecessor, Lincoln was easily master. Here he probably formed his tastes for things political. Here he first learned how to develop the strongest points in the argument of an adversary and then to wipe them out at a blow. So far as we can discover, up to about this time Lincoln had not expressed himself with very much clearness upon the slavery question. But from his correspondence we learn that in this period, one or two events occurred which helped to shape his ideas about this unfortunate institution. He made a trip down the Ohio River on a steam boat and on the decks of that steamer he saw eight men, chained together, driven about as though they were so many beasts of burden. This awful spectacle seems to have made a lasting impression. In his speeches and correspondence he refers to it not infrequently. Some of his biographers would have us believe that another scene which was brought before him, this time in the great southern city of New Orleans, was the event which had a shaping influence upon his future career. Lincoln had become a flat boat hand and in this capacity went down the Mississippi River, past Memphis, and on to New Orleans. While in that great metropolis of the South he, with the other flat-boat men, went to see what

was then a common sight in every great southern city, namely, the slave market. It was an open court. In the center of this open court was the auctioneer's block, and built around the four sides of it were open sheds, divided off, as it were, into little stalls, and in these humble compartments were housed those unfortunate victims who were to be the subject of the day's auction. Here in this stall were the members of a family, the father, the mother, the little children, crying bitterly because they understood what it all meant. They understood that at the next whack of the auctioneer's hammer one of them would be called up and perhaps sold into Arkansas, and that perhaps the rest of the family would be sent to South Carolina. Such were the heartrending spectacles not uncommon in those days, and it is said that as Lincoln went into the market place, a beautiful mulatto girl was placed upon the block and offered for sale. She bore upon her countenance the evidence that the blood of the white race was flowing in her veins, and back there in the outskirts of the crowd, cowering as it were from himself, was her own father, stricken by business misfortune and compelled to do this awful thing. The bidding was fast and furious, and the bidders surrounded this beautiful girl like awful

birds of prey ready to swoop down upon their victim. They commented upon her beauty. It was a sickening spectacle, and all this time the girl stood there weeping because she understood that she was to be sold into a life that was worse than death itself. And it is said that Lincoln, overpowered by the enormity of this awful spectacle, turned to his rough companions, and striking his clinched fist into his palm, swore a solemn oath that if he ever got the opportunity to destroy the institution of slavery, he would strike it a death blow. Whether this little incident is true or not does not concern us. If true, the poor girl who was sold to be the mistress of some slave driver, has long since mingled her dust with the primæval earth. No one knows her name or story. But in all events, scenes like this made a deep impression upon the tender heart of Abraham Lincoln and from this time forth we find him fighting the institution of slavery with all of his power.

But little need be said of his career in Illinois for the next few years. As Captain in the Black Hawk War, he did not particularly distinguish himself. As a member of the Legislature from his native state, his deeds are well known to his fellow citizens. As a member of the National Congress, his career was not particularly marked. Yet by this time he

had come to be recognized as one of the leading campaign orators and debaters in all the Western country. His experience as a lawyer, riding the circuit in southern and middle Illinois, had given him a wide acquaintance. He was recognized as a man of unusual ability and absolute unflinching honesty. Consequently, when the great battle over the slavery question was pending, it was but natural that his fellow countrymen should turn to him as leader. And when in 1858 it became apparent that the lines were at last to be drawn between the forces of slavery on the one side and freedom on the other, the men of Illinois looked with almost single eye to Abraham Lincoln as their spokesman. And here upon the platform in his native city he gave utterance to one of the most profound political truths ever published:

“If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. ‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe

this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

These were bold, courageous, prophetic words. He stated here what everybody was thinking, but which no one up to that time had had the courage to say. In fact, it is reported that his own political friends sought to dissuade him from making this utterance. This speech, attracting as it did nationwide attention, naturally called for a reply. The great Stephen A. Douglas spoke in Chicago. Lincoln followed him. Then came another speech at Bloomington and another at Springfield, and then came the great challenge and the debate was on. In point of popular interest, and in the character of the combatants, this debate has never been paralleled in parliamentary annals.

And may I pause at this point long enough to lay a single flower on the grave of that great but mis-

guided American, Stephen A. Douglas. Though his policy was a mistaken one, though the American people did care whether slavery was voted up or voted down, though they did regard the slavery question as a great moral issue, while to Douglas at this time it seemed to be simply a local question of economics, yet it should be remembered that after the preliminary contest was over, after the lines were tightly drawn and it became an issue whether the Union should be maintained or not,—in this crisis it should not be forgotten that Stephen A. Douglas stood up with mighty courage and helped to save the Union. I well remember hearing Colonel Watterson tell how, when in 1861, he was a newspaper man in the City of Washington, it became his duty to attend the inaugural ceremonies and make report for his paper. He stationed himself on the platform at the east front of the capitol, and when the time finally came for the inaugural ceremonies to begin, and the procession filed out of the capitol, Lincoln, looking wan and care-worn and embarrassed, seemed to be a little ill-at-ease and did not know where to place his hat. Colonel Watterson, with that courtesy which a Southern man knows so well, reached out to take it. But he says that as he did so he was rudely thrust aside by a stocky figure

and looking around he saw Stephen A. Douglas reaching out to take Abraham Lincoln's hat. There is a picture of which every patriotic American should be proud. Douglas knew that every word Lincoln was to utter was the political death warrant for Douglas' hopes of political preferment. Yet he did not hesitate. He held the President's hat when the inaugural address was being delivered, and upheld the President's hands after it was delivered.

In the capital city of my native state I cannot forget what has been told me by many men who well remember the incident personally. Just at the beginning of the war, Stephen A. Douglas came to Columbus, Ohio. His coming was unannounced. He stopped at the old United States Hotel. But the news soon spread over the city that the great leader was in their midst and in a short time a tremendous crowd had assembled. This was at a time when the position of Ohio with reference to the oncoming contest was somewhat in doubt. There were thousands of men in the state who had voted for Douglas and who were ready to follow wherever he led. A single word from him would have turned them in the wrong direction, and yet let it not be forgotten that when he came out on the balcony of the old United States Hotel and addressed that multitude, he spoke

words of patriotism, said that he wanted his party associates to stand with the President, to keep the old flag in the air, to preserve the Union and the Constitution. That speech by Stephen A. Douglas sent a hundred thousand men into the Union army from Ohio. This much I say simply in passing, yet it should not be forgotten that in the Lincoln-Douglas debate, Lincoln was everlastingly right and Douglas was wrong. Lincoln's skill as a debater was never shown to better advantage than it was in the debate at Freeport. It was at this debate that he put to his opponent the famous question about the existence of slavery in the territories. This in substance was the question: "Is there any lawful way in which the people of a territory can exclude slavery from that territory?" Many of Lincoln's adherents sought to dissuade him from his purpose in asking this question, but he is reported to have said: "Stephen A. Douglas cannot answer that question and be elected President of the United States." Lincoln saw that he had his adversary impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. If Douglas said that the people of a territory could keep slavery out of the territory, his statement would be satisfactory to the North, but would create turmoil in the South. If he said that the people of a territory

could not exclude slavery, this doctrine would be pleasing to the South, but would be rejected by the North. So that no matter which way he answered the question, it was clear that it meant trouble for him and the political organization at the head of which he stood.

Lincoln proved to be a prophet in this particular. It was the Freeport doctrine that defeated Douglas for the Presidency, and divided hopelessly the Democratic party in the campaign of 1860. So out of all this controversy and conflict, finally the Civil War came. Lincoln was elected. Bidding farewell to his friends and neighbors, he journeyed across through Indiana and Ohio and Pennsylvania, making brief addresses on the way, and finally, through considerable peril, reached Washington in time for the inauguration. And what an inaugural it was. It is interesting to us in the discussion of this theme only as it shows the character of the man. Lincoln's place as a statesman is assured. He ranks with the great constructive builders and political prophets of all ages. His first inaugural address was a simple, precise statement, containing argument, and a recounting of historical facts, and yet there was not a single note of bitterness or hatred. Listen to the closing paragraph of that speech:

“I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

In this paragraph there is the spirit of Moses and Isaiah. “We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies.” When the great President uttered these words, he looked far past the struggling multitude below him. He peered through the war clouds then impending, he saw through the night of darkness and despair, and to his vision was presented the glorious day break when the hideous night of warfare was over, the glorious day in which the North and South would again be united and the Union would be saved, a glorious heritage of all the ages. While others doubted, and others criticised, and others were in despair, Lincoln saw clearly through it all. He, of all the great men of that period, understood the meaning of the Civil War. It was not a mere conflict, as to whether slavery should exist, important as that question was, but it was a broader and vaster topic than this. It was a

question of whether Republican government should be declared to be a failure. In one of his state papers he said: "We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth."

In his letter to Greeley he said: "If I could save the Union by freeing all the slaves, I would do that. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do that. If I could save the Union by freeing some of the slaves and leaving others as they are, I would also do that."

Lincoln understood that the vast problem of the Civil War was the preservation of Republican government. He understood that our Government was a glorious fruitage of a thousand years of toil and struggle and hardship. He understood that if the government should be dissolved, if the Confederacy should be successful, if secession should be admitted, it would prove that Republican government and free institutions were a failure. This was the great problem and Lincoln understood it all. Measured then from the standpoint of the issues involved, this war was one of the mightiest in history. Measured from the standpoint of the armies engaged and the heroism of the men, the world has never seen its like before nor since. Take your stand yonder upon the rocky summits at Gettysburg, think of the lines of

blue and gray that surged back and forth over those hill sides. Think of the countless cases of individual heroism; the great English poet sang in words of deathless eloquence of the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, and let it be remembered that such is the quality of the American soldier, that it would take a hundred and fifty Tennysons to tell the story of his heroic devotion. There were a hundred and fifty regiments in the Civil War, each one of which suffered heavier losses in a single engagement than was suffered by the light brigade at Balaklava. Take, for example, the famous First Minnesota, and I speak of this not because it is more distinguished than many regiments that might be selected from Illinois or Michigan or Ohio, but simply because it is perhaps better known than some of these. General Hancock says that as he was arranging his battle line, on the second day's fight at Gettysburg, he noticed coming up out of the little grove down in the valley a whole Confederate brigade, evidently intending to make lodgment upon Cemetery Hill and thus break the Union battle line. The intrepid general saw that something must be done at once. The only force at his command was the First Minnesota. This regiment had marched away at the beginning of the struggle, marched away to the grand wild

music of war, 1,100 strong, but they had fought at Antietam and at Fredericksburg and in the Peninsular campaign, and all that was left of the 1,100 brave sons of the northwest were 252. These were to be opposed to a whole Confederate brigade made up of splendid fighting men and yet something had to be done. General Hancock gave the command to charge and the old First Minnesota went plunging down the hill, down into the valley, where they were hidden by the smoke of battle, and from out that cloud came the rude hyeroglyphics of war that told that men were doing and dying. And then the pitiful remnant slowly crept up the hill. The Union line had been saved, but out of the 252 men that went charging down the hill, only 47 came back. And then the next day, when Pickett's heroes were charging across the plains and over the Emmetsburg Road, this remnant of 47 was gathered into the "bloody angle" and there they fought again to keep the old flag in the air. They left 17 more of their comrades out upon the field of battle.

Such examples of heroism as these could be enumerated almost without limit. But this very heroism and the heart-break of it all told most heavily upon the Great Chieftain. He seemed to bear upon his stooping, bony shoulders the burdens

of the whole Republic. Not a mother sorrowed in the little cottage at home for the son who was never to come back but what her grief was Lincoln's grief as well. Not a tottering aged father bade farewell for the last time to the son who was to march away to the southland but what his deep sorrow was felt by Lincoln. Read the story told by Frank Carpenter, who spent, in his profession as an artist, several weeks in the White House. He tells us that after the other occupants of the White House were at rest Lincoln could be seen walking up and down, and in times of great crises the whole night was spent in anxiety and sorrow, and on one occasion one of the occupants of the White House went up to the President as he was keeping his lonely vigil and said to him: "Mr. President, what is the matter?" The great chieftain responded in a broken voice: "This war is killing me. It is breaking my heart. I cannot stand the sorrow and grief of it all."

This tender sentiment found its expression most beautifully in the famous Gettysburg speech with which we are all familiar, a speech which should be engraved in letters of gold on tablets of silver in the minds and hearts of all the youth of this Republic. And yet this address, so magnetic in its simplicity, evidently failed of its immediate purpose. This is

the account given by Lincoln's close friend, Ward H. Lamon:

"After its delivery on the day of Commemoration, he expressed deep regret that he had not prepared it with greater care. He said to me on the stand, immediately after concluding the speech, 'Lamon, that speech won't scour! It is a flat failure, and the people are disappointed.' (The word "Scour" he often used in expressing his positive conviction that a thing lacked merit, or would not stand the test of close criticism or the wear of time.) He seemed deeply concerned about what the people might think of his address; more deeply, in fact, than I had ever seen him on any public occasion. His frank and regretful condemnation of his effort, and more especially his manner of expressing that regret, struck me as somewhat remarkable; and my own impression was deepened by the fact that the orator of that day, Mr. Everett, and Secretary Seward both coincided with Mr. Lincoln in his unfavorable view of its merits. The occasion was solemn, impressive, and grandly historic. The people, it is true, stood apparently spellbound; and the vast throng was hushed and awed into profound silence while Mr. Lincoln delivered his brief speech. But it seemed to him that this silence and attention to his words arose more from the solemnity of the ceremonies and the awful scenes which gave rise to them, than from anything he had said. He believed that the speech was a failure. He thought so at

the time, and he never referred to it afterwards, in conversation with me, without some expression of unqualified regret that he had not made the speech better in every way. On the platform from which Mr. Lincoln delivered his address, and only a minute after it was concluded, Mr. Seward turned to Mr. Everett and asked him what he thought of the President's speech. Mr. Everett replied, 'It is not what I expected from him. I am disappointed.' Then in his turn Mr. Everett asked, 'What do you think of it, Mr. Seward?' The response was, 'He has made a failure, and I am sorry for it. His speech is not equal to him.' Mr. Seward then turned to me and asked, 'Mr. Marshal, what do you think of it?' I answered, 'I am sorry to say that it does not impress me as one of his great speeches.' "

When I visited Gettysburg last year, I talked with an old gentleman who heard Lincoln deliver this address. I said to him, "Mr. Miller, how did this address impress you and the audience?" He said to me in substance these words, "I thought that if that was the best Lincoln could do, he had better not have gotten up." And yet this address, which failed to impress itself at once upon the audience, has come to be regarded as one of the masterpieces of the literature of the ages and I speak of it here simply because it shows that element of tenderness and

directness and simplicity so characteristic of Lincoln.

A letter written by him to a young lady in Bloomington, Illinois, is also indicative of this same characteristic:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
Dec. 23, 1862.

DEAR FANNY: It is with deep regret that I learn of the death of your brave and kind father, and especially that it is affecting your young heart beyond what is common in such cases. In this sad world of ours sorrow comes to all, and to the young it comes with bitterer agony because it takes them unawares. The older have learned ever to expect it. I am anxious to afford some alleviation of your present distress. Perfect relief is not possible, except with time. You cannot now realize that you will ever feel better. Is not this so? And yet it is a mistake. You are sure to be happy again. To know this, which is certainly true, will make you some less miserable now. I have had experience enough to know what I say, and you need only to believe it to feel better at once. The memory of your dear father, instead of an agony, will yet be a sad, sweet feeling in your heart of a purer and holier sort than you have known before. Please present my kind regards to your afflicted mother.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

Miss Fannie McCullough,
Bloomington, Ill.

The law did not require him to write this letter. It was not part of his constitutional duties. Yet from the depth of his great tender heart, his soul spoke to the soul of this sorrowing maiden. Likewise, in his letter to Mrs. Bixby, there is expressed a thought of ineffable tenderness in language of surpassing beauty:

November 21, 1864.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts:

Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And finally in the closing paragraph of his second inaugural address, this great, tender, loving man seemed to reach the climax of his greatness:

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces: but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. “Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.” If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may

speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

And then just as the end of the struggle was in sight, just as the camps of blue and grey were ready to break and march back again to the homes on the prairies of Illinois and amongst the hills of Tennessee, just as the work was complete, just as it became evident that the Union was safe, that the night of despair and warfare was breaking and that the dawn of a new day was beginning to light the mountain tops, just then this great career was cut short by the demoniac shriek of the assassin's bullet. Even as the prophet of old, he had led his people through the wilderness but was not permitted to enter the promised land. So this great, patient, tender, loving man, who had steered the ship of state through the storm and had brought it into port, was not allowed to enjoy the fruits of victory, but let us believe that this glorious life was not lived in vain. Let us rather think that the splendid inspiration of this career will continue to bless the generations yet unborn.

What, then, are the most prominent characteristics of Lincoln, the man? First, his tenderness, a spirit which kept him always on the alert to prevent suffering, which sent him to the War Department, where he stayed beside the telegraphic board all night long in order to give assurance to a sorrowing mother up in New Hampshire that the life of her son, who had fallen asleep at his post, would be saved. A tenderness that enabled him to put aside the high officers of the Government and the diplomats at a great public reception and reach out his hand to a poor one-armed soldier boy who was crowded off into the corner. This is the most prominent characteristic.

Another is his magnanimity, best evidenced, perhaps, by his famous order to General Mead:

“The order I enclose is not of record. If you succeed, you need not publish the order. If you fail, publish it. Then if you succeed, you will have all the credit of the movement. If not, I’ll take the responsibility.”

And by what he said concerning the election of McClelland:

“This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the

President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward."

Another element is his infinite patience. Worried by unfavorable news from the front and by criticism and caricature at home, he was ever patient and forbearing.

Next comes his simplicity and unfailing common sense that enabled him, a rough frontiersman, to blue pencil the state papers of one skilled in diplomacy and thus save the nation from an international struggle. His courage was surpassing. When others would have faltered and others would have despaired, Lincoln was strongest. His unflinching honesty will be an inspiration to all the youth as long as our language shall be spoken.

And last, but not least, his absolute unfailing and unfaltering devotion to the Constitution, and his respect for a government, not of license, but of law. A sentiment expressed by him in an address before the Young Men's Lyceum of this city on June 27, 1837, when he was yet a young man, should be known and remembered forever by every patriotic American. In this statement, he put forth the whole philosophy of the American government. Without reverence and respect for law and obedience to the law, this government is only a delusion and a snare.

“Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.”

Then let us hope that as the years swell into decades, the coming generation may not fail in devotion to the cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion. Let us believe that the principles for which he struggled shall be maintained. Let us hope that the majestic virtues of the simple life of this great man of the common people shall continue to be emulated through the ages, and let us not forget that that Constitution for which he struggled and for which soldiers’ lives were given up and the hearts of mothers and sweethearts broken, is still our Constitution. The principles of representative government which it embodies today are as important as they were a generation ago. And while there are none who openly assail this government today, may it not be possible that there are

those who, under the guise of reform, would take away the real fundamental elements of this stupendous Republic. Be sure that all the so-called reforms are real reforms. Let us preserve the integrity of our judiciary. Let us maintain unsullied the Constitution made by Washington and Hamilton, and preserved by Lincoln and the men of a generation ago. Let us keep unstained those political virtues represented in the flag that floated at Gettysburg and Appomattox, your flag and my flag. There it flies today over your land and my land, half a world away.

Blood red and rose red, its stripes forever gleam,
Pure white and soul white, our good forefather's dream;
Sky blue and true blue, its stars they shine aright,
A glorious guidance through the day, a shelter through the
night.

Your flag and my flag, and Oh, how much it holds
Your land and my land safe beneath its folds.
Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight,
Sun kissed and wind tossed, the red, the blue, the white.
The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you,
Glorified, all else beside, the red, the white, the blue.

JUDGE HUMPHREY INTRODUCING MR. ARMSTRONG.

On page 280 of the little souvenir volume which lies before you will be found a letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote, in September, 1857, to a distressed widow, tendering gratuitously his services in defense of her son, who had been indicted for murder. The circumstance is one familiar to many, perhaps all, of you. It was the Armstrong case. What most of you do not know is that we have here, as one of our guests tonight, a brother of the young man who was then defended by Mr. Lincoln. I am going to call upon Mr. John Armstrong to give briefly his recollection of that stirring event. Mr. Armstrong.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

BEING INTRODUCED, SAID:

I am not a public speaker and shall tell my story in my own way. I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Lincoln not known to the world, except what comes to me as family history, through his relations with my father's family.

In about the year 1833 Mr. Lincoln became a member of my father's family,—this was long before my day. My father's name was John, but was known and called "Jack" Armstrong. At this date he lived in the territory then a part of Sangamon County, now Menard County, Illinois. As I have been told, Mr. Lincoln was then studying law and acting as surveyor. He lived at my father's about two years. My father assisted him in his work of surveying by carrying the chain.

In August, 1857, at a camp meeting, Prescott Metzger, in a fist fight, received an injury from which he died a few days afterward. My brother was arrested, charged with the crime of killing him. On the hearing before a justice, Col. Dilworth was his attorney. He was committed without bail and

sent to jail. After he was indicted, a change of venue was taken from the county and he remained in jail eighteen months and was tried at Beardstown, Cass County, in May, 1858. He was acquitted.

My mother employed a lawyer by the name of Walker to defend him, who lived at Havana. Immediately after my mother received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, tendering his services in defending my brother, and from that time Mr. Lincoln took charge of the case. My mother wanted Mr. Lincoln to get Duff out on bail, but Mr. Lincoln advised her to let him remain in jail as the time was then short until court would meet in Cass County.

On the 7th of May, 1858, the trial took place at Beardstown. Some of the witnesses for the State testified, claiming to be eye witnesses to the trouble; that it was a bright moonlight night and that my brother struck Metzger with a sling shot. Both of these contentions were denied by the defense.

A sling shot was found some distance away from the scene of the fight a short time afterward and the prosecution kept this weapon until the trial, when it was produced and claimed to be the one my brother used. A Mr. Nelson Watkins claimed he had had one that he had made by melting and running a mixture of lead and zinc into an egg shell

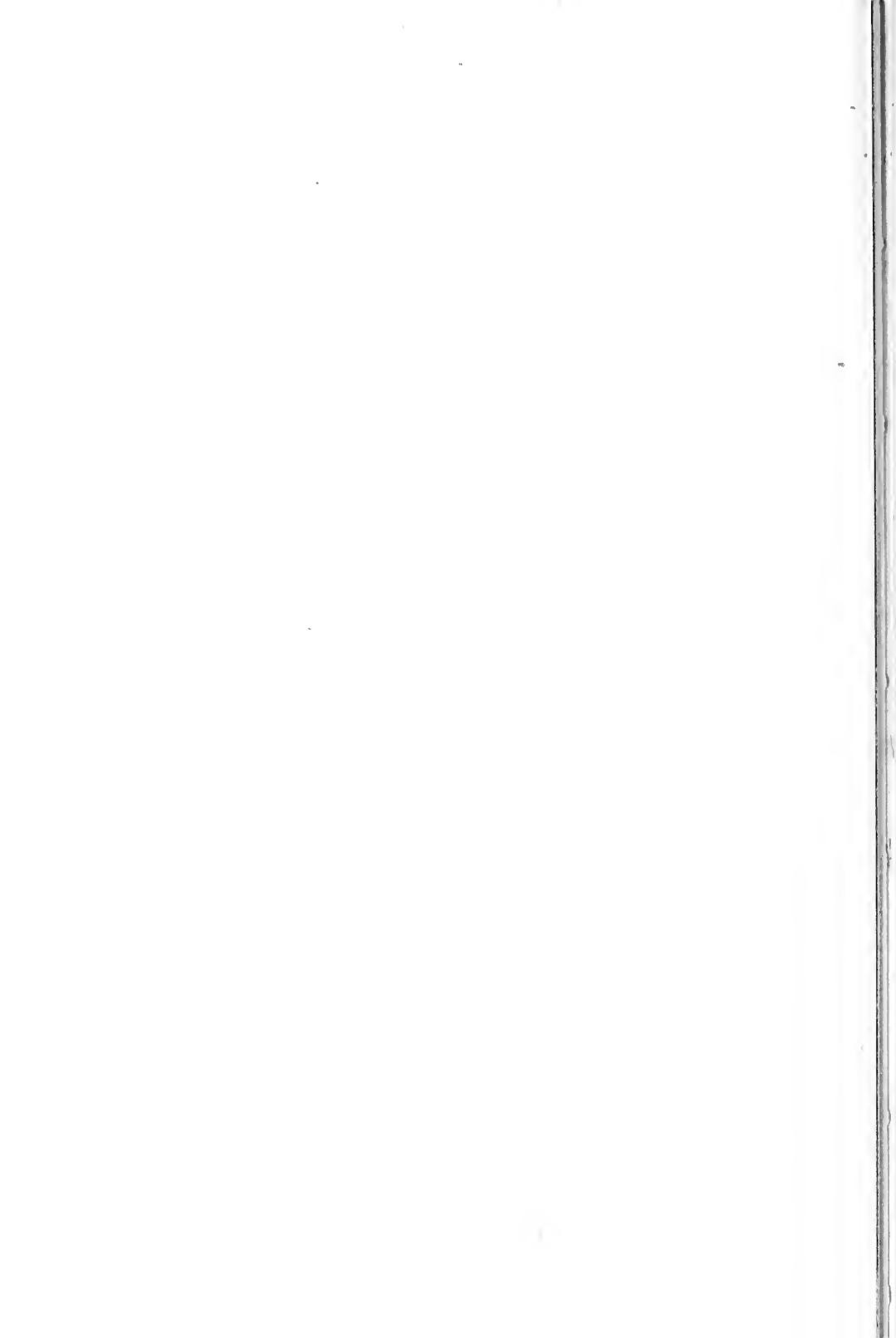
and covering it with the leather from a boot leg, sewing the leather with a string made of squirrel skin which he had tanned. He was placed upon the witness stand by Mr. Lincoln and without any opportunity to see or examine the weapon, described it perfectly, and before the jury Mr. Lincoln took his pocket knife and cut off the covering and found it exactly as described. Mr. Watkins swore that some time after the killing of Metzger he had thrown this sling shot away at the place where it was found.

When the evidence was all in Mr. Lincoln asked for an almanac and a Mr. Jacob Jones left the court room, went to a nearby drug store and returned with an almanac for the year 1857, which Mr. Lincoln showed to the jury, and the date of the homicide in August was in the dark of the moon, as shown by the almanac. So upon these two very material points the claim of the State was contradicted and before night the verdict, which meant so much to us all, and especially to my mother, was returned by the jury of "not guilty."

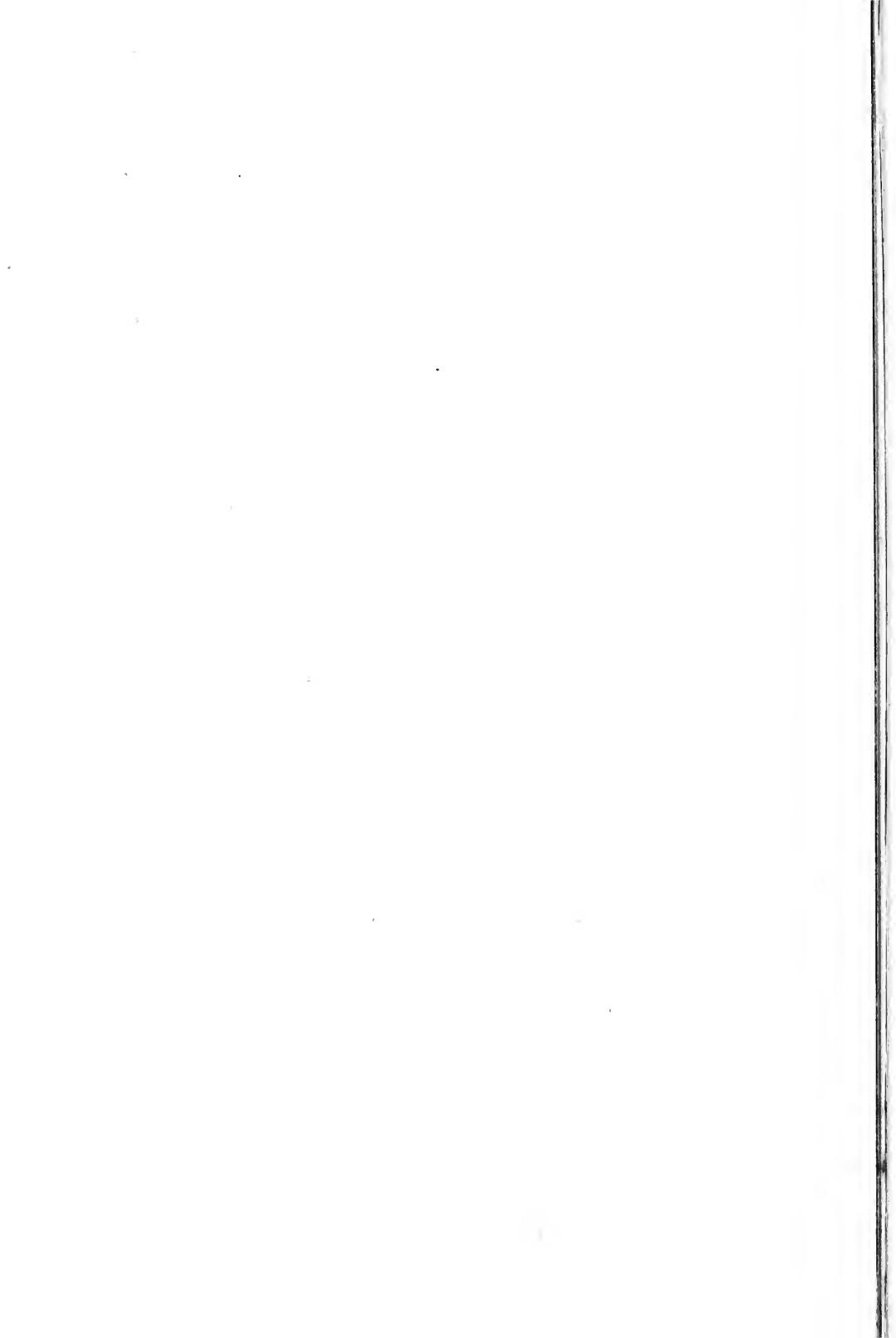
In the winter of 1861 my mother and brother, James, came to Springfield to see Mr. Lincoln and bid him good-bye before he left for Washington. After a short, friendly chat, and before they left his office, my mother said to him: "Abe, excitement is

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running high and I want you to look out for yourself; they are cheering for Jeff Davis in Mason County, where we live, and I am afraid you will be killed.” He smiled and extending his hand for the farewell, said: “Well, Hannah, if so, then that is the way I am to go.” When my mother returned home she told us children of this talk with Lincoln and what he said to her, and I well remember my mother said: “I have at last found out what Abe’s religion is, he is a “Hard Shell.”











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